

A Beautiful Lie

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Summary: He should have been mad at her. After all, she lied to him. But he couldn't find it in his heart to do so. Why? Because the lie she told was the most beautiful lie he's ever heard. Steve X OC

A Beautiful Lie

****Hello!****

****So, this idea has been floating around in my head for QUITE some time now! Ever since I watched a certain show that my OC is based off of. Now, if you can guess the show that I'm talking about, I shall give you some props! Let me know in a review if you do. I'll give you a hint, it's an anime. And if you don't know but want to, also let me know and I shall PM you the title because it is an AMAAAZZZINNG anime that everybody should watch at least once in their lives!****

****Anyways, now that I am done ranting, I hope you enjoy! I went through a swindle of emotions writing this, and I hope I was able to make you all feel the same through my writing!

****Enjoy!****

****DISCLAIMER: I do NOT own Avengers!****

*** * ***

><p>Steve rushed through the entrance of the emergency room. He looked around for somebody to help him, but there was not a single soul in sight.<p>

He cursed under his breath and moved towards the front desk, careful to balance the small boy in his arms to avoid jostling him too much.

He found the boy near one of the side roads in a more rural part of the city on his morning jog and had rushed him over to the nearest hospital.

Steve clenched his teeth in fury.

He's seen bad things in his life. He was an Avenger after all. However, nothing quite gets to him as much as when kids are involved. It makes him sick to think that somebody could do something so horrible to such blinding innocence.

"Hey! Is anybody back there?!" he shouted behind the counter, hoping that a nurse would hear him.

He looked down at the young, bruised, and bloodied boy in his arms to check if he was still breathing. He was, thankfully.

After a moment of silence, Steve opened his mouth once again. He needed to get somebodies attention. He doesn't know what's wrong with the kid. All he knows is that the child is not in the best of shape and needs medical attention right away.

Before he had the chance, a short, stocky woman made an appearance behind the counter. She opened her mouth to ask what the man in front of her needed, but her face immediately dropped into a frown before straightening into something more serious.

"Sir, is this your child?" she asked.

Steve shook his head, "No ma'am, I found him like this. He needs help quickly though."

She nodded once before disappearing again. This time, however, she reappeared on the other side of the counter with a stretcher rolling in front of her.

Steve quickly placed the boy onto the stretcher and stood back as the women moved to push the child back into the depths of the hospital.

"Thank you for bringing him in. He's in good hands now," she called over her shoulder.

Steve nodded and watched as the young boy was rolled away.

After a few seconds of staring off into space, he shook his head to rid himself of his thoughts and flopped down onto one of the seats in the waiting room. With a sigh, he placed his head in his hands. He knew he needed to get to a debriefing soon, but he really wanted to stay and make sure the kid was okay.

He thought over his choices before making a decision. He pulled out his Stark issued cell phone and sent a quick text to Tony telling him that he wasn't going to make it on time.

Shoving his phone back into his pocket, Steve leaned back to rest his head on the chair, hoping that the young boy he had just been holding in his arms would be alright.

* * *

><p>It was moments like these, moments that Steve was left completely alone with nothing to occupy his mind, that his thoughts would begin to get to him.<p>

Fortunately, over the past couple of years he hasn't had many of these moments with how hectic and chaotic his life has been since waking up from the ice.

But that doesn't mean they don't come.

As Steve sat in the tiny hospital chair, waiting for any news on the child he had brought in two and a half hours' prior, a torrential downpour of thoughts rushed through his head like a raging hurricane. One, however, stood out above all the restâ€|

'_Why wasn't I able to save him?_'_

It's a ridiculous question to ask, that Steve knew. Never-the-less, he still felt the answer to the question radiate throughout his entire being.

'_Because you can't save everybody.'_

Steve knew this too. He knew that it was impossible for one man to save and protect everybody who needs it. But why does it have to be that way?

It wasn't fair.

Being a super hero, as well as a part of the Avengers, Steve had run into this unfortunate situation many times. But, no matter how many times he witnesses somebody just out of his reach suffering the consequences of his inability to protect, he feels a little piece of his already broken heart chip away. And he falls deeper and deeper until numbing relief takes over and allows him to repress.

Because god knows he can never forget.

This kid was just another example. He knew that there was no way he could have known this specific child was being treated so horribly, yet he still blamed himself for not being there for the boy in his time of need.

Steve ran a hand through his hair in frustration and disappointment.

Some "superhero" he wasâ€|

* * *

><p>"Sir?"<p>

Steve's head snapped up at the sound of the nurse from earlier.

He was on his feet and in front of her in seconds.

He didn't even need to verbalize his question. It was written in his eyes and the nurse was quick to notice.

"The boy had a broken rib puncturing his left lung and multiple bruises along with a few hairline fractures. It's good you brought him in when you did. Any later and he probably wouldn't have made it."

Steve sighed in relief.

"So, he's okay then?"

The woman nodded, "Yes, he is in stable condition and is currently asleep. Normally, I'd say no visitors unless you are family, but I think I can make an exception just this once. Plus, I don't think bringing this kid's family in is the wisest choice at the moment."

Steve nodded. He awkwardly shifted on his feet while looking in the direction the little boy was dragged off to earlier.

His eyes softened.

"Actually, I'll let him sleep for now. Is it okay if I come back tomorrow?" Steve asked.

"Of course. He should be up by then anyways," the nurse said with a sympathetic smile.

"Thank you so much. If he wakes up before that, would you mind calling me and letting me know? The number to contact me is on the forms I filled out earlier."

The nurse quickly agreed and soon after, Steve had left the ER section of the hospital. He walked through the empty hallways of the building, pausing to hit the elevator button to head back down to the first floor.

He stepped on the elevator and waited for it to close. Before it had the chance to, however, a small hand reached in and stopped it.

The door slowly slid open once again to reveal the face of a young blonde with her hands on her knees, panting as if she had just run a marathon.

After one last deep breath, she stood straight and smiled brightly at Steve.

"Whew! That was a close one!" she exclaimed before stepping into the elevator. She chuckled a bit, "I nearly didn't make it. Sorry for holding you up."

Steve shook his head.

"It's fine."

"That's a relief," she sighed, her blinding smile falling into a more natural, content one.

The rest of the elevator ride was spent in silence.

Yet the girl was anything but quiet.

She might not have spoken with words, but Steve could practically feel her presence. It was a strange thing to think about, but that's the only way that he could describe it.

The joy, the radiance, the motivation to live life to its fullest; Steve could feel them radiating off of the teenage girl in large, attention-grabbing waves. It was something that his subconscious was unable to ignore. It was like her energy, her being, was latching onto his and shining light into the shadows of his cracked visage.

It was gone soon after it started, however, as the elevator doors opened to the third floor.

"Well, this is my stop! See ya stranger!"

Then she was gone.

And Steve couldn't help but feel just a little bit better.

* * *

><p>Steve walked into the hospital with his head down.<p>

That feeling, that emotion that he couldn't control was starting to take over again. Only this time it was a bit of a stronger pull than usual.

It had been a couple days since he visited the little boy he'd saved two weeks prior, and the reason for that was due to a particularly grueling mission that called for the help of the Avengers down in Moscow.

Steve clenched his hands as he made his way towards the elevators.

How could I let him slip? I had him. What happened?

He felt a pressure start building in his head as he thought about what happened on the mission.

Why didn't he see the guy? He was right there, yet he hadn't even noticed him! And now because of thatâ€¦|

Steve shook his head.

He stepped onto the elevator when the doors opened and slammed his finger into the button for the eighth floor.

Hopefully this will take his mind off things.

He felt bad for skipping his visits with the young boy without notice, but he got a last minute call from Fury that he couldn't ignore.

But oh, how he wishes he hadâ€¦|

Prior to these last couple of days, Steve had come to the hospital every day since the child was admitted to check in and see how he was doing. It all started when the kid woke up to see Steve sitting

beside him. He immediately took a liking to the tall, bulky blonde and honestly, Steve didn't mind one bit.

The kid was adorable. He was such a sweet, well-mannered little boy that Steve had grown quite fond of over the past two weeks.

Steve sighed and leaned back against the railing of the elevator, his body still incredibly tense from everything that's happened in the last 48 hours. He watched as the number in the upper corner of the elevator increased as it took him up.

Suddenly, he came to a stop. But not on his floor. It was on floor three.

Steve shuffled to the side to make room for anybody getting on as he was standing in the center of the giant box, taking up a good amount of the room available.

The door opened, and a young blonde with a brilliant smile on her face stepped on.

The same blonde from two weeks ago.

The memories from his last encounter with the young woman, who now stood beside him, flashed through his head.

It's funny. Out of the entire experience he had running into her, he didn't remember much of their conversation or even more than the basics of her appearance. He didn't remember that she had the brightest blue eyes he thinks he's ever seen, or how her small lips seemed to naturally curl into a smile no matter what the situation.

What he remembered was her.

Her energy, her aura, the emotions she was able to make him feel by doing something as simple as standing next to him. By being in his presence.

That's what he remembered most. And even now, he was aware of the muscles in his back relaxing the longer he was in the elevator with her.

"You know, when I was five I distinctly remember breaking one of my mother's favorite vases."

Steve turned his head towards the girl in confusion at what she just told him.

"Yeah, I know. It was bad. The vase was at least two hundred dollars and I shattered it with a dollar store wiffle ball. As soon as I heard the glass hit the hardwood floor, I wanted to cry in guilt."

Steve said nothing, not really knowing how to respond to something like that. Here he was, standing in a hospital elevator with a teenage girl who didn't even know his name, and yet she was telling him such a random, out-of-nowhere story from her past.

"I was so guilty in fact, that I ended up going directly to my mother

and told her everything that happened. I remember crying my eyes out as I spilled my guts in front of my shell-shocked mother, who had absolutely no idea what was going on might I add."

She finished with a nostalgic look in her eyes before she turned to Steve and gave him a wide smile.

Steve felt the effects of her smile and couldn't help the warm feeling that began to spread, working its way into his heart.

It wasn't a feeling of love or romance. She was no older than a teenager after all. It was a feeling of acceptance and understanding. That one smile was enough to make him feel like everything was okay.

Steve coughed, clearing his throat.

"I'm sorry ma'am, but what was the reason for you telling me that?" he asked as politely as he could, not wanting to offend the young blonde in any way.

She chuckled, turning to stare ahead of her with that same content smile he remembered her having.

It's strange, but he couldn't picture her with anything other than a smile on her face.

"My point is, don't bottle things up too much. It's not a bad thing to let people in on what you're thinking sometimes. Let them know how you feel. It takes a little bit of the burden off of your shoulders. Plus, you never know when the people you care about will disappear. Life is too short to waste worrying over what could have been. So if you are feeling something, don't be afraid to let those who actually care to listen know about it."

Steve's eyes widened. He was staring at the girl next to him in shocking realization when the elevator dinged at the sixth floor.

The door opened and the girl moved to step off.

"This is me. I'll see you soon I suppose, stranger!"

As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, Steve was finally able to get his voice back and he called out after her.

"Steve."

The girl turned around, surprised that he actually responded. Her face almost immediately fell into a wide smile and she nodded firmly.

"Amber. See ya later Steve!"

And then the elevator closed.

Amber's words resonated within Steve's head as the elevator slowly climbed the remaining three floors.

"_It's not a bad thing to let people in on what you're thinking

sometimes. It takes a little bit of the burden off of your shoulders."_

Steve's face softened into a small smile.

Maybe when he gets back to the tower, he can see if Natasha wants to grab a slice of pizza and talkâ€|

* * *

><p>The next time Steve ran into Amber was, surprisingly, not in the notorious hospital elevator. Instead, it was in a small bakery a couple of streets away from the Avenger's Tower.<p>

It was early in the morning when Steve left the tower to clear his head. After deciding to go on a walk, Steve found a quiet little shop and thought that it's somewhat hidden location would make it the perfect place to sit down and take his mind off things for a while.

Steve stepped through the front doors of the shop, hearing the bell ring to indicate that there was a new customer.

He smiled to himself and looked around the nearly deserted establishment. He couldn't help it. The atmosphere was just soâ€|

Warm.

Yeah, warm.

And Steve absolutely loved it.

He took a seat, not even bothering to order a drink, and thought back to him and Nat's discussion the other night.

He says discussion, but really it was more of a friend-to-friend rant. He was finally able to get everything off of his chest, and man was there a lot.

Honestly, he feels better than he's felt since getting out of the ice, and he has no other person to thank for that other than Amber.

Her words, the words that no girl her age should ever have to understandâ€| they stuck with him. They helped him through a rough patch and taught him that despite his super-soldier status, he was still human. Sure, he made mistakes. Sure, he may not be able to save every single civilian.

But he can certainly do his best to try. And that's all that matters in the end.

After all, he isn't a god or an alien. He is Steve from Brooklyn.

And that's who he's been all along.

He may have lost himself for a while, but Amber was able to help him find himself again. With her simplistic, yet wise-beyond-years words,

she was able to accomplish something that nobody, not even Steve himself, had been able to do.

And for that, Steve was extremely grateful.

"Hey! Steve, right?"

At the sound of his name, Steve snapped out of his gaze and focused on the person standing in front of him.

"You're from the hospital right? Oh man, I really hope I don't have the wrong person. That would be so awkward!"

Steve shook his head, still a bit surprised to see the focus of his thoughts standing in front of him.

"No, it's me. Amber, right?" he asked, even though he knew the answer.

She smiled brightly, "Yep! And now that I'm sure it's you!"

She suddenly ran off behind the counter of the shop, disappearing into the back before reappearing with a small bag in her hands.

"Here! It's an apology gift."

She held her hands out, offering the bag to him. He hesitantly grabbed it, looking at it with a questioning glance before actually peaking inside.

"They're canelÃ©s! They're my absolute favorite, so I hope you enjoy them as well."

Steve's mind went blank. He's never really been in situations like this before, so to say he was confused and a bit flustered would be an understatement.

"Wait," he stopped, finally processing all of what she said, "an apology gift? What for? If I may ask."

Her smile slipped as she reached to rub the back of her neck with a sheepish grin.

"Well, after our last elevator meetup, I realized how personal and rude I was when I said the things I did. It's really none of my business what you do with your life. It wasn't my place to say anything. I don't know if I offended you or not. But if I did, here is my apology gift!"

It took Steve a second to register everything before he quickly began waving his hands around like a rabid monkey.

"No! It was fine! I-I mean; you didn't overstep any boundaries! I swear! Actually, what you said helped me a lot. I really wanted to thank you for that by the way. I know it's been a while, but I suppose better late than never, right?"

Amber's eyes widened. One of her famously brilliant smiles spread across her face.

She nodded, "I'm glad. You deserve some peace of mind."

'_Yeah,' _Steve thought to himself. His body subconsciously started to loosen up, leaving him to be the most relaxed he's felt since back before the serum.

Amber and he held eye contact as a new thought emerged from the depths of his mind.

'_I do deserve it.'_

* * *

><p>The next time Steve saw Amber, she wasn't the same.<p>

After she stepped onto the elevator, clicking the button for the third floor on the way in, she walked- no, limped her way over to the corner of the metal box without so much as a glance his way.

Steve frowned.

Looking closely, Steve noticed that it was more than just her general aura that was different.

Her hair, once lively and bright like the sun's rays, was slowly transitioning into a deathly pale blonde that, truthfully, only belonged on those of the dead; not the beautifully radiant young women in front of him.

And her eyesâ€¦ Oh god, her eyes.

When she had finally looked up in Steve's direction, Steve nearly gasped in shock.

Her eyes, once a bright, vivacious blue, were now nothing more than lifeless, glass marbles. They showed a lack of conviction. A lack of emotional presence.

But most of all, she looked tired.

And not the "I didn't sleep for four days straight because I was working on a project" type of tired that Steve was used to seeing from Tony, or even the type of tired that Steve felt the day after he had bad dreams turn into memories.

She looked drained. Tired. Exhausted.

A feeling of dread began to claw at Steve's chest once he recognized the look on her face.

It was the same look Bucky gave him when he fell to his death 70 years ago. The same look Steve himself had on his face when he realized that he wouldn't make it back to Peggy as he stared at the beautiful, icy landscape seconds before it would kill him.

And that's when everything clicked.

This girl standing in front of him was sick. Very sick.

And she wasn't going to make it.

Steve was mildly surprised when he felt pressure build behind his eyes. He couldn't help himself though. Why? Why did somebody so bright, so pure, have to suffer such a horrible fate? And she was so young! She barely had a chance to live!

Steve said nothing as the elevator started to move. His head was down, his fists clenched, as he glared at his feet.

He wanted to help her. Sure, he didn't know much about her. After all, he's only run into her three or four times now.

But what he did know was that she was kind. She talked to him, a complete stranger, when she didn't have to. She helped him when she could have just ignored him and walked away. She gave him free canelÃ©s. She treated him like a human being!

And that was all that mattered. He realized after the last time at the coffee shop that he had unknowingly developed a connection with this girl. It wasn't anything romantic; he would never look at a child in that sense and he knew she felt that same way about him. But the connection was still there.

And he could see it now; the reason that they developed this connection.

She knew. She knew what he was going through. She knew the sense of helplessness he felt when he couldn't save those people because she felt the same thing. Whether it be saving other people from aliens, or saving the people around her from the emotions eating away at them as they watch her die, she knew what he was feeling.

And that broke Steve's heart.

"How are you Steve?"

Steve's head snapped in her direction. Her voice was a bit raspy, but she quickly cleared it, pretending as if nothing was wrong.

Steve's expression softened.

"I'm good, how are you?" he asked, his voice low and steady.

A smile pulled at the corners of her mouth. She gave him a wide, closed eyes smile that looked a little more like a grimace than Steve cared to admit.

Her voice shook.

"I'm great."

A frown threatened to pull at Steve's face, but he forced it down.

"You know it's funny," she started, her head lowering so that her hair covered her face from his line of vision, "how we always meet in this elevator that is. It's like fate."

Fate.

Steve really hated that word.

Steve didn't say anything in response. The elevator fell into a loaded silence and the tension became so thick you could cut it with a knife.

"Did you ever take my advice? Let everything off your chest?"

Steve clenched his jaw.

"Yeah. I feel much better. Thank you."

It was quiet. Suddenly, she lifted her head, holding it high and rolling her shoulders back to straighten her spine so she was standing at her full height

Staring straight ahead, she smiled gently as tears began collecting in her eyes.

"Good."

Steve watched as the now-noticeably broken girl in front of him built herself back up with that single statement.

When the door to the elevator opened, she stepped out with the same conviction he thought she had lost not so long ago.

And after she left, right before the door had the chance to close, she turned around and spoke with the same radiant smile she gave him the first time they met.

"See ya later Cap! It's been wonderful talking to you."

And then she was gone.

After the elevator doors closed, Steve finally let the tears he'd been holding back fall in a single stream down his cheek. He should have been mad at her. Why? Because she lied to him.

He never would see her again.

But they both knew that.

End
file.